

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1907

A Change of Profession.

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS.

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GORMAN and Hanrahan, the two probationers newly assigned to Engine Company No. —, were the first of their crew to reach the roof of the sixteen story mansard building. They had the nozzle of a line of hose that was being laid from the standpipe of the top floor to wet down the north wall of the skyscraper, and they came out into the night, dragging their length of the line, to face a gale of wind that took the breath from between their teeth. They struggled against it, through the darkness, toward the light of fire over the parapet, and they looked down there through the smoke at the flames in the roof of an adjoining clothing house twelve stories below them.

Captain Ball had followed them. "Turn on your water!" he bellowed above the storm to the men behind them, and in a moment a feeble stream swelled the line of hose and gushed from the "pipe." He swore at it. "It can't spit past its chin," he said.

It straightened slowly as they watched it. "Keep wettin' her down!" he shouted in Gorman's ear. "Get up another line!" he cried to the rest of the crew.

The rushing of the wind drowned their answer, but they hurried below to obey him. He remained with Gorman and Hanrahan, watching the fire spread and brighten in the roof of the clothing house. Gorman was still grinning at his "Can't spit past its chin."

They were 200 feet above the street level, and the storm, hurling itself across the huddled roofs below them, drew up a drift of heat and smoke to them as if they were looking down a chimney. They could guess what the heat must be in the street, for across the road the woodwork of the windows of a five story building had caught fire without the touch of any flame, and a pygmy crew were drenching it with a stream which they shot straight from the sidewalk. Officers the size of manikins ran up and down in the ruddy glow, waving their little arms. The fire flowed over the roof as if it were a burning oil, and the smoke came up to them thicker and the heat more stifling with every breath.

Their weak stream dribbled down the wall to dry out on the hot bricks before it touched the point of danger, and Gorman leaned over the parapet to see that the paint was beginning to peel off in great scales far below. Hanrahan and he tried hopelessly to reach these by swinging the pipe from side to side. They might as well have tried to irrigate a desert with it. Their eyes were dry and beginning to smart.

The rest of the crew came up again, dragging a second line. Captain Ball turned to the lieutenant. "No use bringin' more lines up here!" he shouted. "Windows 'll be breakin'." There ain't a shutter on the whole blamed buildin'. Fireproof? She's matchwood! Back down to the twelfth floor! Get lines stretched to the air shaft there!"

The men went back with their hose. "Do the best you can up here," he advised Gorman. "Chief's orders to wet her down. Look out for the air shaft."

Gorman caught the first of these instructions, but the wind carried away that last warning of danger, and the captain turned and left the two men unconscious of the catastrophe which was preparing for them.

The air shaft, in fact, was acting as a sheltered due for the flames. It cut a deep groove into the wall of the mansard building at Gorman's left, and the wind, rushing into it, rose straight aloft, blowing up sparks like the draft of a blast furnace. Gorman, watching only the wall and the windows below him, pitied the crews at work in the street. He was wishing for a quid of chewing tobacco, and he remembered with exasperation that Hanrahan would have none. That was one of Hanrahan's social limitations—he did not chew. He had been nicknamed "Delicate Pete" by his fellow probationers at fire headquarters, and Gorman, who was known as Bull Gorman, being the big man of his class, had despised him from the day that the instructor, having pitted them against each other in a race with scaling ladders, had then publicly compared Gorman to a baby hippopotamus in point of nimbleness because Hanrahan had run away from him.

These two were being "broken" together with all the hard work of the company, but there was no friendship between them. They rarely spoke to each other, for Gorman had found Hanrahan's conversation all "hot air an' free silver" and had quarreled with him about this wearisome enthusiasm for politics. They continued stolidly at their work now in the silence of mutual indifference. The growing strength of the stream threatened to tear the nozzle from their hands, and they raised the hose to their shoulders to bend it in a swan's neck arch that sent the water hissing down the bricks. They were busied so when they saw a bluish green flame flash in the red of the fire in the roof below, and a

belch of smoke rolled up to them on the burst and echo of an explosion. Before it reached them they heard another roar beneath it. The cloud of smoke was split with flame, and they leaped back from the parapet as if from the crater of a volcano and threw themselves on their faces as the burning gases, freed by the collapse of the roof, flaring 200 feet in the air and ticking up the side of the mansard building, to break every window glass in its upper ten stories and ignite every window curtain, window sash and "trim" in its north wall, rolled over them in a heat that nipped their ears like a frostbite and was gone.

Gorman plinned down the pipe that was thrashing about the roof and staggered back to the parapet with it. The heat of heat was unendurable, and he could see nothing for the smoke that blinded him with tears. He did not know that the gale was carrying a solid tongue of fire into the hidden air shaft and that every window on that shaft was already spitting flames. He could just see that the woodwork of the window below him was afire, and he called Hanrahan to train the pipe, on it with him. They doused it black at once and scattered the smoke to see another blaze below. Then suddenly the stream from their hose weakened and fell short. It was plain that the crews were using the water on the lower floors.

"We're wanted down below," I guess," Hanrahan said. "We're no good up here now."

Gorman nodded. They shut off the nozzle and turned to drag the line to the door of the stairs.

They were too late. Gorman saw the blaze in the air shaft and cried out an oath. That shaft, he knew, lit the stairway from the ground up and cut them off from the elevator shaft in the center of the building. They dropped the line and ran to the door. Smoke was pouring from it, and flame was behind the smoke. Gorman ran back for the hose, turned the neck guard of the helmet over his face and, with the water to open the way for him, fought down three steps into a blaze that could not be faced.

Hanrahan pitched forward on his shoulders. Gorman braced himself against the weight, turned to catch him up, himself half suffocated, to lay him on the roof. They were greeted by the fierce purring of the flames. Hanrahan groaned.

"Y' all right?" Gorman asked him. He rolled his eyes. "Let's get down out of this!" he gasped.

Gorman straightened up and looked around him. The doorway was the only entrance to the roof. He walked back to kick the useless hose down the staircase and shut the tin sheathed door on the blaze below. He went to the stone railing that surrounded the cornice on the front of the building. The coping overhanging the lower windows in a sheer drop to the street. He hurried to the south wall. The windows there were twelve feet down, and there was no pipe—no foothold. He went to the back of the roof and found another coping.

He turned to see Hanrahan running from parapet to parapet, now hidden in a cloud of whirling smoke, now black in the red glow of wind blown flames. He saw him lean over the marble railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building and put his hands in a trumpet to his mouth. The voice was lost in the roar of the wind. He saw him take off his helmet and try to throw it down into the street, and the gale snatched it from his hand, tossed it aloft and blew it away to the south with the smoke and the flying embers.

He came running back to Gorman. "For the Lord's sake, Bull," he cried, "don't let us burn alive up here!"

Gorman shook his head. "I can't get down," he said.

He could see that there was nothing on the brick roof to burn. The heat and not the flames would be their danger. The fire was at its worst in the light well, and at the point farthest from it there was an enormous water tank protected with a covering of tin and supported across the angle of the walls on steel beams, so that, even if the roof should fall, the tank would not go with it. Here was the greatest safety. They would have water to prevent the heat from baking them alive, and they would have the tank to shelter them from the drift of smoke.

Gorman went over to it and crouched to peer beneath the beams. Hanrahan stumbled along him. "Bull," he whimpered, "I can't—I can't get down." Gorman thrust him aside. "Well, who said you could?" he snarled. "You're up here to stay. You bettei make up yer mind to that an' shut yer yap."

Hanrahan threw up his arms and screamed at the sky, in a high, dry voice, clutching with his fingers and snapping like a dog with his teeth. Then he pitched forward into the smoke on a run for the street parapet again.

Gorman climbed slowly up the iron ladder to the top of the tank. He came on a scuttle there and raised it, to find that the tank was almost full. He took off his rubber coat and dipped it down, and it came up dripping. He rubbed it over his face and licked at the moisture on the smooth tarpaulin, and the touch of water sent a burning fever flush of thirst through him. He reached down with his helmet, drew it up half full and emptied it over his head and down his back again and again. Then he drank it in great gulps, sighing with satisfaction.

The relief brought back his energies. The tank ladder took his eye, and it occurred to him that if he could get it loose he might be able to reach a lower window with it. He took hold

Continued next week.

BIG DEAL IN TOBACCO AT OWENSBORO

Home Warehouse Company Sells 1907 Crop To American Tobacco Company

DELIVERIES ON NOVEMBER 20

The Messenger is authorized to announce that the Green River Equity Warehouse Company, better known as the Home Warehouse Company, has sold its entire holdings of tobacco of the 1907 crop to the American Tobacco company. The contract reads in part as follows:

"Having pooled our tobacco of the 1904, 1905 and 1906 crops, both as members of the American Society of Equity and as an independent organization, putting the same up in strips and leaf and having been disappointed in the results obtained, we have decided that the pooling and holding of redried tobacco is not to the best interest of the farmer. On this account we have made the following proposition of our own accord, to the American Tobacco company.

"The Green River Equity Warehouse company agrees to deliver to The American Tobacco company all of the 1907 crop, which it now controls, or which it may control, to the Owensboro factory of the American Tobacco company on such other factory in Owensboro as the said American Tobacco company may designate at the following prices."

It is understood that the prices are well up to the market, being from \$9, \$9 and \$3 down. All of the trash is to be sold at 3 cents. (Owensboro Messenger Nov. 5.)

APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE

The song service given by the Methodist church choir Sunday evening was a most enjoyable affair. The success of it being due to Mr. A. H. Murray, director, Miss Ida White, organist, Rev. B. M. Currie, Miss Eva May leader, and the following singers: Dr. A. A. Simons, Ira Behen, Lawrence Murray, Misses Eliza May and Georgia White and Mrs. J. H. Rowland. The program was beautifully rendered, and the choir had an appreciative audience.

BEWLEYVILLE.

Miss Martha G. Martin, of Louisville, was a pleasant visitor at Dewy Heights last week.

Miss Florence Cain who has been visiting relatives here the past six weeks, left Tuesday for El Paso Texas, where she will practice her profession.

Miss Annie Meyer is visiting Miss Annie Compton.

W. A. Stith and family attended church here Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stith and Mr. Frank Stith, of Louisville, spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr. T. P. Hardaway's.

The Methodist church is being repapered, greatly improving its appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hardaway are visiting relatives at Frankfort.

Boyd Keith is on the sick list.

Miss Fannie Williams, of Hill Grove, is visiting Miss Fannie Hardaway.

Hugh and James Albright, of Louisville, visited their parents Sunday.

Miss Roberts, of Pineville, is visiting Mrs. Preston Foote.

Several cases of scarlet fever are in the neighborhood.

Prices This Week, For Cash Only.

7 bars Lenox Soap 25c.
Double face wash board 17c.
Floor mops 18c.
6 quart tin buckets 12c.
6 boxes capital matches 25c.
Glasses 10c set.

—V. G. Babbage.

IRVINGTON NEWS.

Public School Closed—Carrie

Nation Had a Crowd to Hear Her Make A Short Lecture.

Miss Rachel Mudd will return this week from Louisville where she has been the guest of her sisters, Miss Iva Mudd and Mrs. R. E. Hays, for several weeks.

Mr. D. H. Doriot has purchased the entire grocery stock of T. J. Adkinson and removed the goods around the corner to the vacant house on Railroad street and is now ready to begin business. Make him a call and see what he has that will satisfy your eye as well as taste.

The public school is closed this week on account of the illness of the principal, Miss Annie Payne, at her home at Bewleyville.

Mr. Taylor Dowell was the highest bidder at the sale of his father's farm

which was sold at auction at Garfield last Thursday giving \$2450 for it.

Little Miss Helen Board returned Sunday from a few days visit to her cousin, Miss Louise Henderson in Louisville.

Mrs. Proctor Keith, of Cloverport, was the guest of Mrs. L. H. Jolly Thursday on her way home from a trip to Louisville.

Mrs. Childs, of near Guston, spent Friday the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. S. Neafus.

Mrs. Ed. Robertson and baby spent last week near Lodiburg visiting her parents.

Mr. C. M. McGlothlin, of West Point spent Sunday the guest of relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. J. J. H. Conley left Thursday for her home in Alabama after a several weeks visit to her mother, Mrs. Nannie Henderson.

Mr. H. H. Kemper has sold his farm near town to Mr. G. O. Bailey and will move his family the first of the year. Consideration not known.

Carrie Nation gave the people of Irvington a lecture while waiting here between trains last Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Penick and children, of Louisville, are visitors of Mrs. Penick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bandy.

Mr. L. B. Moreman and son, Louis Bennett, have returned from Brandenburg where they spent a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Moreman.

The young ladies of the town gave a Halloween party last Thursday evening at the home of Misses Eva and Mable McGlothlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Bate Washington returned Sunday from a short visit to their daughter, Mrs. Harry Major, of Louisville.

Mr. G. T. Marshall has returned from Sonora where he was called to see his sister, Mrs. Armstrong, who was sick.

Mr. G. L. Brady has purchased the little cottage on Caroline street of Mr. L. D. Bishoff. Price paid \$1000.

Mr. Will Biggs arrived home Sunday from an extended trip West and will remain on his vacation until the first of the year.

Miss Willa Drury expects to leave in a few days for Texas for a visit to relatives and friends.

Mrs. Willard Arnold and childre left Tuesday for Horse Branch to visit her sister, Mrs. Lucy Steward.

The Presbyterian people have just completed a very nice six inch brick walk in front of their church and it is quite an improvement over the old one and a help to the church.

Mrs. W. B. Gardner spent a few days last week in Brandenburg the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tonnie Rhodes.

Rev. E. W. Graves and wife were in Hardinsburg Wednesday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair.

After a pleasant visit to her mother Mrs. Mary W. Munford, Mrs. Clovie Wathen, returned to her home in Chicago Friday.

Rev. B. F. Wilson left Sunday for Bewleyville where he is engaged in a series of protracted meetings. He is being assisted by the Rev. Andrew Johnson, of Wilmore, Ky.

WARM AND DRY TO STAY WELL.

Advice of Noted Authority, Also Gives a Simple Home Prescription.

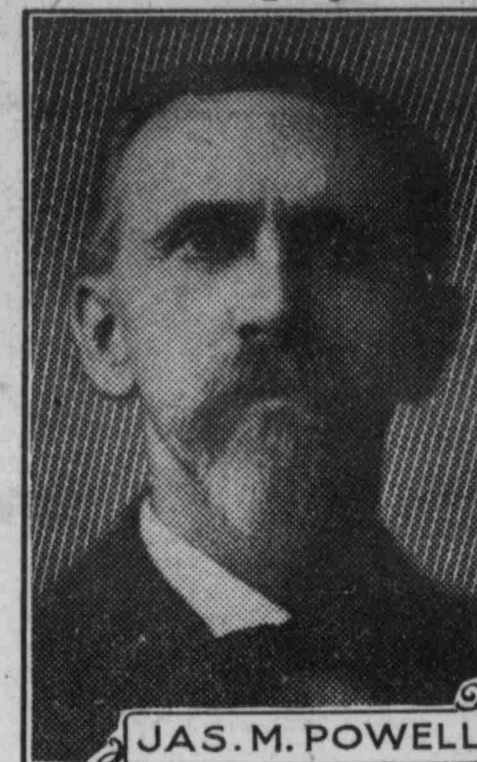
Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

Just try this simple home-made mixture at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator and almost certain remedy for all forms of Rheumatism which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost.

Druggists in this town and vicinity, when shown the prescription, stated that they can either supply these ingredients, or, if our readers prefer, they will compound the mixture for them.

Kidney Disease, First Stage Promptly Relieved By Pe-ru-na.



JAS. M. POWELL

Catarrh of the Bladder. Mr. James M. Powell, 431 Kensington street, Kansas City, Mo., writes:

"About four years ago I suffered with a severe catarrh of the bladder which caused continued irritation and pain. I was miserable, and could not stand up or walk for any length of time without extreme weariness and pain."

"I began taking Peruna and it greatly relieved me, and in eleven weeks I was completely cured, and felt like a new man."

Kidneys and Liver Affected.

Mrs. Carrie King, 730 North Cascade, Colorado Springs, Col., writes:

"Peruna has been my favorite and only household remedy for nearly five years. I have suffered for years with biliousness, and kidney and liver trouble. If I caught a little cold, the pains were increased, and backache and headache were of frequent occurrence."

"However, Peruna cured me—twelve bottles made me a new and healthy woman. For three years I have enjoyed the best of health. I keep Peruna constantly in my home, if my husband or I catch cold or feel indisposed, a few doses of Peruna never fail to restore us."

Mr. M. T. Gaffney, Corpus Christi, Texas, writes:

"I can certify to the truthfulness of Peruna as a catarrh cure, and am recommending it to every one. I am practically well of the catarrh in my nose, throat and head."

Theaters in Shakespeare's Time.

The typical theater in Shakespeare's time was of wood, circular or hexagonal in form, being modeled externally on the general structure of the old amphitheaters for bull and bear baiting. The interior was fashioned after the manner of an inn yard. The pit was scorched by the sun, while the actors were protected by a thatched penthouse. The scenery was supplied by the imagination of the audience, but what was lacking in scenery was made up in noise and bustle, things being kept very lively in that direction. The most numerous class among the audience was roistering apprentices. On the stage and in other parts were fashionable dandies, swashbucklers, writers and actors. These, it is interesting to know, always had free passes. The play lasted two hours on an average, and, considering the noise and the smells which accompanied the performance, one was, it is presumed, not sorry when "the actors dropped on their knees to pray for the queen."

A Literary Bandit.

A literary man was traveling in French mountains when on a lonely road he was stopped by three highwaymen, his life threatened and his valuables demanded. His literary instincts were to the fore even in his extremity, and half unconsciously he burst forth with an appropriate couplet, quoted from some obscure French poet.

"Hold!" cried the leader of the highwaymen. "My comrades, this gentleman is acquainted with the works of our friend M. So-and-so! He is, then, our brother!"

The purse was returned, courtesies extended, and the traveler and three bandits adjourned to an inn near by and spent a pleasant evening.

"I suppose you noted the disposition to make class distinctions in Europe?" "No," answered Mrs. Cumrox in a tone of disappointment; "Europeans seem to go on the principle that all Americans are rich without realizing that some of us may be vastly richer than others."—Washington Star.

Jobson—What did Hobson say about my play?

Dobson—He said he felt that he had got the worth of his money.

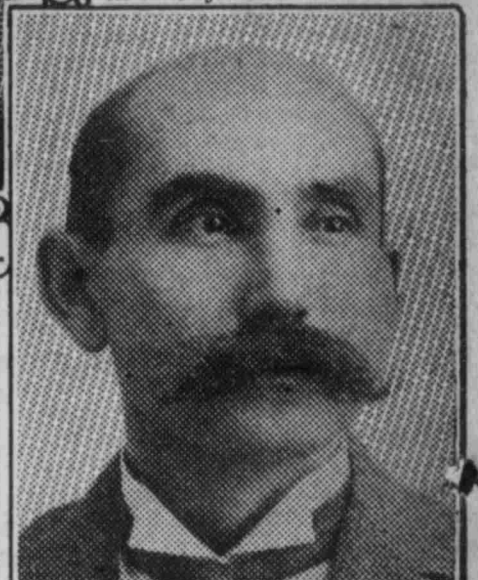
Jobson—Anything else?

Dobson—Oh, yes; he asked me to thank you for the complimentary ticket you sent him.

Church For All Denominations.

A German merchant who died at Cottbus left \$25,000 to found a church in Constantinople for all denominations. The sermons are to be preached in Esperanto.

THE first stage of Bright's Disease of the kidneys is known as the catarrhal stage. Catarrh of the mucous membrane lining the kidneys is the first act of a drama that often ends as a tragedy. To stop the catarrh is to head off the disease. If Bright's Disease can be relieved during the catarrhal stage all will be well. Peruna has achieved a reputation for mitigating catarrh of the internal organs. This explains why Peruna has been used with so much success in kidney diseases.



WILLIAM F. LOTHAMER

Mr. William F. Lothamer, former president of the Boss Barbers' Union, a noted politician and at one time chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, writes from 1908 South 4th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.:

"For years I suffered with severe disease of the kidneys. I would have pains all over my body, and at times have such dizziness in my head that I could not see nor work."

"Nights I would often be awake with pain so I could get no rest. I spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and drugs, and had ceased to have faith in either."

"My druggist told me one day of the praise his customers gave to Peruna, and advised me to try it, offering to return my money if it did not help me. I purchased a few bottles. I kept getting better. The medicine did its work, and in four months I was a well man."

HARNED.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chaney and daughter, of Constantine, were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Brear Thursday.

Joy Beatty visited his cousin, Jesse Matthews, of Cabot, from Saturday until Monday.

Stephen Gray, who has been quite ill at the home of his parents, at this place, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Watts are all smiles over the arrival of a fine boy at their home.

Misses Gola and Cora Haynes, of Freedom, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brear last week.

Quite a number from Kingswood passed through here last week en route to Louisville to attend the holiness convention.

Messrs. Walter and Clarence Hughes, of Kingswood, were here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Tucker are the proud parents of a new son.

Quite a crowd from here went to Kingswood Thursday night to hear Mrs. Carrie Nation speak.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

GOOD NEWS TO THE TOBACCO GROWERS.

Henderson, Ky., Nov. 1.—By a deal consummated here, the Imperial Tobacco Company purchased the entire tobacco crop pledged to the American Society of Equity in Henderson Union, Webster, Hopkins and Crittenden counties. The deal involves 16,000,000 pounds of tobacco and will bring \$1,500,000 of English money to the farmers of this section. The price paid was that demanded by the farmers and is the highest price ever paid here since the civil war. All Equity factories and employees are taken over by the Imperial Company and will be continued in service. Deliveries will begin as soon as the tobacco is in order. The gold will be shipped from England at once.

Kodol

FOR DYSPEPSIA

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

Relieves Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching of Gas, etc.

For Backache—Weak Kidneys try DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe

PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF

E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale by all Druggists